INT. WORKSHOP – NAZARETH – EVENING

The scent of cedar lingered.

Yosef (יוֹסֵף)

placed something behind his back,

Smiling.

YOSEF

“Close your eyes my boy”

Yeshua (יֵשׁוּעַ) obeyed.

His curls framed his face,

still damp from the day’s heat.

When he opened them

Yosef held out a small lyre

carved from olive wood

smooth and simple

strings stretched across.

Yeshua’s eyes lit.

He ran his fingers across the frame

a sound rising soft and new.

YOSEF

"I noticed you humming and singing quite a lot

so i got you a gift

For your hands

for your heart of heaven."

EXT. HILL OUTSIDE NAZARETH – EVENING

The sun dipped low,

the sky fading to violet.

Yeshua (יֵשׁוּעַ)

only eight

climbed the hill alone,

carrying the little lyre

Yosef had given Him

He sat in the grass

strummed gently

and began to sing.

The melody was

Soft

otherworldly

not like the village songs the children knew.

It was a song of heaven

remembered only in His heart.

Not far below,

a girl watched Him

eyes wide,

her cheeks warm.

She had a crush on Him,

though she could not explain why.

GIRL

“What song is that?”

Yeshua smiled

still strumming.

YESHUA

“It’s a song from my Father’s house.”

The girl blinked,

laughed nervously,

GIRL

“Weird… never heard that one before.”

She ran back toward the cluster of homes,

where other children played in a neighbor’s yard.

panting, she whispered:

GIRL

"Yosef's son is on the hill… singing.

Come! Let's join him."

Some parents noticed the rush.

PARENT

"Where are you all going?"

The girl answered quickly,

hiding her excitement.

GIRL

"nowhere mum

Just going out to play.”

And the children ran together,

streaming up the hill.

———

ON THE HILL

They reached Him

sitting,

singing

and without invitation

they circled around.

Yeshua lifted His eyes to the sky,

the lyre quieting in His hands.

The children followed His gaze.

They began to chatter,

asking one another innocent questions:

BOY 1

“What if the stars

are sparks from Elohim’s (אֱלֹהִים) fire?”

BOY 2

“No, no — what if

they’re holes in the sky,

and heaven’s light is peeking through?”

they all laugh,

guessed,

playfully argued

Then the girl who liked Him

turned to Yeshua.

GIRL

“Why do you think the stars are placed that way?”

The night hushed.

Yeshua spoke softly,

telling them a story of harmony in the heavens,

how each light was set in order,

how they sang together for the Maker.

The children listened,

mouths open,

eyes wide.

They did not understand the fullness of His words

but their hearts leapt.

They looked at the stars and whispered:

CHILDREN

"Wow…"

And for that moment,

the heavens felt close.